

# THE RURAL MAGAZINE.



AND JOIN BOTH PROFIT AND DELIGHT IN ONE.

VOLUME I.

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## THE GLEBE HOUSE.—A Tale.

FOUND IN THE CABINET OF A LADY OF DISTINCTION, LATELY DECEASED.

(Continued.)

THE bustle of preparation was now over, the stage was to take them up early the next day, and he found Mrs. Crofts writing letters of recommendation.

Coverly felt peevish, he could not controul himself, and contradicted the poor Parson more than once. He wanted, to say a thousand things to Constantia without knowing what they were. Some heavy showers falling, he was debarred the pleasures of a private walk with her. Supper was early served, and at ten Mrs. Crofts rose to depart. Coverly of course followed the motion. He saluted Mrs. Owens, shook Jasper by the hand, and wished him much amusement; then turning to Constantia, attempted to speak, but found it impossible. He pressed his cold lips to her's, a sigh heaved the bosom of both;—he looked round, the rest were too busy talking to observe the emotions of love. He strained her to his breast, snatched another kiss, and was about leaving the room, when the voice of Mr. Crofts exclaimed, "Sure Mr. Coverly you will see me home," detained him.

Early in the morning the stage coach took them up: had duty allowed it, the worthy parson could have wished to be the guardian of his family, but that was impossible.—He wept in spite of his efforts.

Mrs. Owens, now sure of going, was also affected—she shed tears, and gave old Deb. a thousand charges to take care of her master.

Jasper whistled, looked askance, skipped about, felt in his pocket to be certain of Horace, assured his father that he would be an old Trojan by the time he came back.

Constantia wanted power to speak,—never did she appear more attracting. Drest in a habit of dimity, her hair in its wonted luxuriance, flowing from under a straw hat, lined with the palest shade of pink, which gave a faint tint to her cheeks that were this morning totally pale.

The parson recommended a number of good books to his wife, particularly a volume of excellent sermons; but whether from mistake or hurry, is not certain, she took The Fortunate Country-maid in its place.

There were no other passengers in the coach, and they wheeled off with varied emotions.

As they approached the dwelling of Coverly, Constantia bent forward; an uninterested object might have viewed the prospect with pleasure.

The cottage which was small, but elegantly neat, stood on the summit of one of those low hills which skirted the vale. Some clumps of

trees cast a shade upon the windows, and a winding path led up to the door.

The sloping garden on the rear of the hill, was adorned with the most beautiful flowers, interspersed with choice old fruit trees; on the bank of the river winding beneath, was formed a bower, consisting of the interwoven branches of woodbine, part of which had crept round an old elm, on whose bark the name of Constantia was engraved.

As she probably conjectured, Coverly was watching their appearance. He called to the man to stop. Constantia's hand rested on the door; Coverly darted forward, seized it, and pressed it to his lips, while the glistening tear stood in either eye—he hemmed, complained of a cold,—and put into the carriage a handkerchief of fruit, just pulled.

Mrs. Owens begged him to visit poor Frank often, and that he would take care of himself, as he looked very ill, assuring him, that Deb. made excellent whey. He bowed, smiled, and drew back, the coachman whipped his horses, and off they flew.

Coverly was transfixed, the noise of the wheels still resounded in his ears—at length he returned to his house. The little boy who attended him, asked if he was ill? he neither could answer the poor child, nor partake of the breakfast he assiduously had prepared. Shortly after, he walked out, and soon found himself in the road the carriage had taken. Ashamed of his weakness, he changed his course, nor recollected, till the striking of the village clock, that it was time to visit the parson.

The poor forsaken old man, was sitting down to a solitary dinner, he brightened up a little at the entrance of Coverly,—You saw the travellers, I suppose, exclaimed he,—they set forward with the exultation of hope. Oh may they return with that serenity of innocence in which they left me: Yet, alas, my heart trembles for them, they are all the offspring of simplicity, and exposed to the machinations of the base. I did all that the gentleness of my temper would allow, to combat the inclination of my wife: Oh, may she never have reason to rue her opposition to my wishes.

He wanted Coverly to reside with him during their absence. Coverly promised to be frequently with him, but could not think of quitting his cottage entirely, where he could have some private hours for the luxurious indulgence of concealed grief.

After feeding Constantia's goldfinches he touched her guitar, which had been a New Year's gift from him, but the strings were discordant, and he found that with her, Harmony had forsaken the Glebe House.

We shall now bid adieu to the gentlemen for some time, and pursue the travellers.

Nothing occurred during the first day of their

journey worth reciting, on the second, when arrived at the inn where they were to dine; a gentleman, who had just alighted from an elegant phaeton, accompanied by a lady, advanced, and with the utmost politeness handed them out.

Scarce had they entered the parlour, when the hostess followed, presenting the compliments of the strangers, with an invitation to an entertainment they were just sitting down to.

Mrs. Owens, elated by this unexpected civility, instantly drew up her head, and with elevated crest, cried, upon my word they are vastly polite; but pray, my good woman do you know—

Truly, mistress, interrupted the hostess, you need not demur, the gentleman is my young Lord Stanville—heaven bless him, as pretty a man as one shall see in a summer's day, as the saying is, and the lady is his ward.—Oh, Lord bless me, if you knew the power of money they spend, 'tis themselves that wouldn't stand haggling about this thing, and scolding about t'other thing, but sling it from them, just as I would do a rotten apple.

No sooner had the sound of a title reached the ears of Mrs. Owens, than she made but three steps to the glass, fell to adjusting her dress, repeating, "upon my word they are vastly polite, but I have always the good fortune to meet with civility, to be sure, there's something in the appearance of some people, that cannot fail commanding respect; there was a great lord came down to our country once,—bless me,—I forgot his name, but that is neither here nor there,—and he was so attentive, and so,—but I am afraid we shall keep his lordship, my lord Stanville, waiting."

She was accordingly ushered to the apartment, at the door of which, his lordship received her, and taking her by the hand, expressed himself particularly obliged by her condescension.

He seated them at the table, taking care to place himself opposite Constantia, of whose person, in a shy manner, he took an exact survey, and evidently appeared enraptured with her.

Having learned their place of residence, he said, he had been there, mentioning several great families he had visited, whom Mrs. Owens knew perfectly, though they were too exalted for her to have any intimacy with.

I remember, continued his lordship, when there, of a Mr. Owens, a very worthy divine, who they said had married the greatest beauty in that country,—she had some particular name—bless me, how forgetful I am,—it was either Maria, Harriet, or,—

Perhaps, my lord, cried Mrs. Owens, in raptures, she could not conceal, it might have been Fan, pretty Fan of the Glade.

(To be continued.)



*Remarks on setting aside the Bible as a School Book.*

THE principal, though ill-founded arguments of those Parents and Teachers, who have had the temerity to reject the BIBLE as a school book, are the following:—The common practice, they say, of teaching children to read the Bible in early life, before they are capable of understanding its sacred contents, tends to make them contract a kind of rude familiarity with it, and also lessens their veneration for it ever after. This appears to me a very erroneous and weak motive for discontinuing the wise and long standing custom of reading the scriptures in schools. Can children be too familiarly acquainted with the history of God himself, the history of his omnipotence, his infinite wisdom, his universal providence, his holiness, his mercy, his justice, and all his other attributes, set forth in these divine volumes, under a thousand forms, and displayed by abundance of most wonderful effects?

Perhaps the following plan, if generally adopted, might be productive of much utility; it would at least, obviate the objections of those who disapprove of reading the Bible at too early a period of life:—Suppose then children were debarred from reading the Bible at school, till they arrived at the age of ten years, and had learned to read with fluency, in other books, printed on a larger letter. At this stage of life, their minds begin to expand, and reason to exert its powers. They should now read a portion of the Scriptures at school, once a day, at least, with due solemnity and attention. And Teachers, (whose moral character ought always to be unexceptionable) should instruct their pupils, at this period, in a proper manner, in all the principles and doctrines of revealed religion. This would tend to raise in the tender minds of youth, a lasting veneration for the sacred scriptures, and a high sense of their excellence and importance!

In order to make young people true and sincere believers in Christianity, and to induce them to regulate their practice according to its salutary precepts, it appears most reasonable and necessary, that they should be well acquainted with some of the weighty arguments in favor of its divine original. The early and strong propensities of nature, towards forbidden objects, and that at a season of life, when reason has but little or no influence.

The force of evil example, and the seduction of evil company, lie heavy in the scale of infidelity; more especially in an age of false philosophy, when even a whole nation has had the impious temerity, to reject every idea of revealed religion! Hence the propriety of putting into the hands of our youth, as an antidote to infidelity, books containing a summary of those two grand and fundamental points of religion, namely, that CHRIST is the son of God, and that the Scriptures are the word of God. And thus furnish them with arguments against all the objections of licentious and sophistical writings.

There is no book, that I have hitherto met with, better calculated to promote the desirable objects, just hinted at, than a work lately published, entitled "Select Biography, or Bulwark of Truth."

The important knowledge and agreeable entertainment, which is generally derived from the perusal of Biographical compilations is well known in the literary world; it has been justly

remarked that, by having before our eyes the principles of men of honor, piety and probity, enforced by example, we may be excited to fix upon some great model to be the rule of our conduct.

In short, I conceive that the introduction of this valuable selection into our Academies and schools, would be attended with the most happy consequences, as it might, under God, prove a means of putting a stop to the seeming growth of scepticism and infidelity.

*A Friend to the rising Generation.*

EXPOSTULATIONS WITH THE MARRIED.

*From Gilson's Sermons.*

THOU hast received a wife, Oh Husband! to be the solace of thy life, and thy partner till death. She has left her father's shelter, and her mother's love, and trusted herself to thine. For the confidence she has reposed on thy faith, wilt thou shew her less? Wilt thou wantonly grieve that bosom, that has no other receptacle for its own griefs—but thine? Thou hast removed a flower that once pleased thee, and which thou calledst heaven and earth to witness thou wouldst ever admire, into thy garden; and canst thou look on unconcernedly, and see it wither there? Or is it become less dear to thine eyes, because thou knowest it to be thy property, and that though thou makest its seat a wilderness, it may not remove from thence! Be not that barbarian! Or, if thou wilt, give up thy name of man to the tyger of the desert, a savage of a milder nature than thou!

Thou hast, O Wife! received a husband, to whom thou hast surrendered thy hand, resigned thy will, and pledged thy heart. The smile on thy brow that first won his regard, thou hast sworn should be perpetual to him. The affection that beamed from thine eyes and captivated his, thou hast caused him to believe shall ever dwell there, and brighten up his most cloudy moments in the darkest season of his distress.—Prove not false to thy word. Give him no room to apprehend he has taken a hypocrite to his bosom; that the vision he had, before marriage, was only a pleasing, unreal, phantom; now either vanished away, or changed into a ghastly form. Think of his active engagements and public cares; and let thy gentle bosom be the pillow where all these cares may be forgot. If, from a contentious and tumultuous world, he should sometimes retire to thee, ruffled himself, encrease not thou his agitation by minute inquisition, or an aspect of disregard. Reflect that it is his to encounter the storm; it is thine to enjoy the calm. Enjoy it thyself, and sweeten it to him. Exposed to the inclemencies of the air, wearied with the fatigue of labour, or wasted with the intenseness of thought, for thy subsistence, thy convenience, thy pleasure; is it much if thy cheerfulness enhance his welcome, and thy endearments give a relish to his repast? Has he met with anxiety abroad, and shall he also meet it at home? Have the shafts of misfortune been aimed at his house, and wilt thou, with continual fretting, aim the arrow at his heart? Adopt a different demeanour, if thou wouldst not have thy sex disown thee; if thou wouldst not have thy nature shudder at a monster. Be it thine to soothe, not to irritate; and, without idle questionings, unreluctantly to obey the man to whom heaven and thy own choice have made thy lord. In his joys and in his sorrows take a willing share. In the sunshine of life,

let thy participation brighten the bright scene; in the adverse hour, let thy sympathy enliven the dark shade. From the thickest cloud of distress, let thy favour break forth like the rainbow, and quiet with the assurance of hope, the forebodings of the desponding breast.

LUDICROUS ANECDOTE.

"A CERTAIN Major H. a rich planter in the state of Virginia, was famous for his hospitality, and no less noted for the drollery which he frequently practised upon strangers, who often lodged at his house. One evening a gentleman passing through that part of the country, was informed of the Major's character, and determined to halt there until the next morning. He accordingly stopped, and the humourist received him with his usual politeness. After the tea-table was removed, and they had conversed for some time on different subjects, the Major asked the traveller if he could dance—the other answered in the negative; but H. pretending to impute this answer to the stranger's modesty, insisted in the politest manner possible that he must certainly be an adept in that accomplishment, and the Major assured him that he should be highly gratified in seeing a specimen of his skill. The gentleman much surprised at his host's importunity, obstinately persisted in denying the least knowledge of dancing, while Major H. as strenuously insisted on the contrary. He then ordered his negro boy to bring in his fiddle, and requested his guest to gratify him in dancing a reel; but the stranger begged to be excused. The Major having repeated his desire to see the gentleman dance, and finding he could not prevail upon him by entreaty, he suddenly drew a pistol from his pocket, and presented it at the breast of the astonished traveller swearing he must either instantly obey him, or he would discharge its contents into his body. The stranger, seeing the Major's resolution, was terrified into a compliance, and the music striking up, he fell to dancing with the greatest gravity imaginable, curving the humour of his host from the bottom of his heart. Having exercised himself in this ridiculous manner (to the small diversion of his host) till he was much fatigued, he was about to sit down; but his tormentor, not yet satisfied with the run, presented his pistol a second time, assuring the dancer his performance had hitherto afforded so much entertainment, that he must continue it till further orders. The poor intimidated stranger, seeing the earnestness with which his mischievous host repeated his demand, began again, till extreme fatigue compelled him to beg a momentary respite. The Major was inexorable, and compelled his panting guest to a further exercise of his limbs, till he was so far exhausted by fatigue that he could scarcely move. The Major, being at length fully satisfied with the run, liberated his prisoner about twelve o'clock at night, and retired from the room, leaving his pistol on the table. The instant the Major was out of sight, the traveller took possession of the pistol, examined it, and found that it was not charged. He was doubly irritated when he found he had been so completely duped, and instantly resolved to retaliate on his entertainer in a manner he little expected; he therefore charged the pistol with powder and ball, which he happened to have about him, and on the Major's return the guest requested to be gratified in his turn; but the Major with great good humour observed, that it was rather late for fur-



er diversion, and desired his guest to retire to bed. "Sir," said the other with great sang froid, "I insist on your dancing;" the Major excused himself; but his guest presenting a pistol at him, commanded him to begin instantly, or abide by the consequence: H. imagining the pistol was unloaded, smiled at this threat, and was going off: "Stop, Sir," said the stranger, "do not think to escape with impunity: you must know that I have charged the pistol, and by God you must either instantly obey or expect the consequence." He accordingly unlocked the pistol, evincing a determined resolution to execute his threats if not instantly obeyed—the Major seeing by the resentment that sparkled in the eyes of his guest, he was in haste, proceeded to action as soon as possible. The poor negro, who had not enjoyed a minutes rest from seven till twelve o'clock, thought the sport had ended with the first dance; but the gentleman, after bestowing a few curses on him for his laziness, ordered him to play a brisk tune for his matter, who was desirous of trying his skill next. The musician alledged in vain his fatigue, and being repeatedly terrified with threats of immediate death if he did not proceed, he played as hard as he could, while his matter was obliged to submit to this musical discipline. The poor Major was thus kept most sweatingly to work till break of day, when he ordered his horse to be brought, and in the meantime kept the major as close to his work as ever. His horse being ready, the traveller prepared to mount, when the almost breathless Major insisted on his staying to breakfast, assuring him he had never met with an equal match before, and he should think himself happy in a further acquaintance with the gentleman; but the traveller doubting the sincerity of his host's professions, thanked him very politely, and assured him that his kindness had already laid him under obligations he should not very soon forget; then discharging the pistol at the door, he pursued his journey with aching bones, but not a little pleased at the thoughts of having paid his host so well for his nights entertainment.

#### UNHAPPY EFFECTS OF A FEMALE EDUCATION.

##### A Fragment.

"FOR God's sake, a penny, to save a wretch from starving," said a poor, meagre, ragged female, at 11 o'clock at night: Curiosity and compassion induced an enquiry. What was the result? The once accomplished Melissa, who shone the first star, in the most brilliant circles, but a few years since, through a series of misfortunes, which stripped her family of its estate, is now a houseless, friendless child of want. She was early initiated in every accomplishment of the *bon ton*—but the hour of adversity was not contemplated, and consequently not provided for. "O, Sir, said she, if I had been taught to handle the distaff, and my mind had been impressed with early sentiments of humility, and the importance of industrious habits, when the dream of dissipation was over, I should not have fallen a prey to the arts of seduction, and now experience the vanity of my once boasted education." Hapless Melissa, may thy example impress the maxims of wisdom and benevolence on the minds of the affluent, and teach them to unite the useful with the ornamental, in the education of their children, since riches are an uncertain inheritance.

#### EXTRACT.

SEVERAL examples prove that irrational animals are capable of warm affection to mankind. The following which I had from Dr. Franklin, is very striking. It happened in England some years ago. A flock of cranes passed over a village. One of them being wounded, by a shot, could not keep up with her company, but dropt and hid herself in a thicket. A poor old woman found this distressed bird, and kindly took her home, cured and nourished her. When the flock returned, this crane joined them and went off. The next season the returned, and in passing over the village, wheeled down to the hospitable hut. Not finding her benefactress, she traversed the village in search of her. Espying at last the old woman, she sprung to her in raptures, tenderly clasped her in her wings, and folded her long neck round her bosom.

#### NEWARK, MAY 26.

##### TO THE CULTIVATORS OF FRUIT TREES.

TO preserve Fruit Trees from the ravages of ants, cankerworms, and other insects which ascend the tree by the trunk, the following remedy is recommended:

Take a sheep skin, with the wool on, cut it in strips of an inch, or an inch and half in width, and wind one of them once tightly around the body of each tree, just below the lower branches, uniting the ends so closely as to leave no space between, through which the insect can creep, and tacking them to the tree with small tacks, so as to prevent the strip from falling off. The wool will be found to obstruct their passage, so that in their attempts to ascend, they will either be tumbled down or get entangled in the wool; in which case, by a little attention with a coarse comb, they may be totally destroyed.—Experience has proved the efficacy of this method.

##### A USEFUL HINT.

AT the commencement of the war for our independence, among other requisites a particular attention to the breeding of sheep was strenuously recommended by every enlightened patriot. England owes its present strength to these important little animals, as a momento of which their judges and rulers are seated on sacks of wool.

Farmers take notice—there was killed during the last year, near two millions of ewes, although five millions in addition to the present number, would not form a moderate flock for the United States. Calculate the saving that the sparing of the ewes and lambs for this year may produce to your country, and you will withhold the bloody knife at least for one season.

##### —THE MORALIST—

*"How vain is Man, how vain his pow'r!  
A short-liv'd plant, a fading flow'r,  
He blossoms and he dies:  
Soon shall his mighty project fail,  
And everlasting sleep prevail,  
And close his wearied eyes."*

THE slow ebbing waves of the Ocean, retiring from the shore, sink in their capacious bed, as if no more to rise; yet soon returning, they again overflow the strands they naked left behind: But the days of wretched man, when flown, return no more: The wasting wave

of Time no more recoils: No kind reflux renews the sinking stream; but ceaseless it pursues its course along the broad and boundless shores of that sea\* where thick mists and impenetrable darkness o'ershadow the sluggish tide.—No art can stay the swift passing moments, nor human power arrest their floating motion.

The life of Man is but a narrow span fast contracting—A rapid stream hastening to the immense Ocean of Eternity?—Its like a rushing whirlwind whose fury is quickly spent:—Its like the arrow of Akestes† consumed in the air;—Its like a rainbow in the vanishing cloud, or the momentary crimson of a floating bubble—short and transient as it is, man would fain contract it faster. He wishes the present past; and longs for a distant period to arrive, in which he promises himself some advantage, or fancied happiness. But alas! how often doth the stream of life stop short of this imaginary spot! How often his "mighty projects fail," and himself plunged into the dreary gulf, where an "everlasting sleep prevails."

"Ye sons of men" improve the present moment. Your future plans and designs are but idle tales and empty dreams: They are unsubstantial visions, and vain imaginations.—Before they are executed, you may be summoned to wander through the gloomy vale, where triumphant reigns the *King of terrors*.

*"Ambition, stop thy mad career,  
Look on that corse and drop a tear;  
E'en when thy hand would grasp the prize,  
The stroke is giv'n, and glory dies."*

\* Vide, Vision of Mirza,

† Vide, Virgil, En. V. 525.

##### —DETACHED SENTENCES—

THOSE qualities which are only brilliant, have ever more enemies than admirers; but those which are the offspring of the heart obtain the suffrages of all. You cannot outline other men without wounding their pride; whilst you astonish them, you often irritate; and whenever you are personal, you are assuming.

There are few good dispositions of any kind, with which the improvement of taste is not more or less connected. A cultivated taste increases sensibility to all the tender and humane passions, by giving them frequent exercise, while it tends to weaken the more violent and fierce emotions.

On the tower of ambition hangs the dial of industry, where the sun of good fortune marks the time and progress of friendship on the figure of ambition.

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure is contentment; the greatest possession is health, the greatest ease is sleep, the greatest medicine is a true friend.

Virtue is not to be considered in the light of mere innocence, or abstaining from harm, but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good.

##### —ANECDOTE—

In repenting of, or acknowledging a fault, we look less in our own imagination, but greater in the eyes of others. A General having beaten an Officer, on a misinformation, begged his pardon at the head of the army—The Officer replied, "Sir, you have restored me my honour, but taken away my life; for, after this, I can do no more than sacrifice it in this day's service."—This answer was made just before an engagement.



## POETRY.

*The pleasing art of poetry's design'd  
To raise the thought, and moralize the mind;  
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,  
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire;  
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,  
And celebrate the FIRST GREAT CAUSE of things.*

## ORIGINAL.

FOR THE RURAL MAGAZINE.

## SUICIDE—AN ELEGY.

**W**HAT dark infatuation prompts man-kind  
With impious hand to stop their vital breath,  
Leave all inviting scenes of time behind  
And give their lives away to conquer death?  
Is this a conquest—this the glorious part  
Which man, superior being, should pursue?  
Or some infernal fraud, some cruel art,  
To rob the king of terrors of his due?  
Rolls the swift stream of wasting years too slow?  
Look down the steep—Who can the steep survey,  
See age on age in quick succession go,  
And grieve his momentary space to stay?  
Has life no soft allurements to detain  
The hasty wretch from this presumptuous deed?  
Shall friends, shall parents, offspring plead in vain?  
In vain shall nature's tenderest language plead?  
Behold the father bending o'er his child:  
Sighs heave his breast, the briny torrents flow;  
The rising hope which once each grief beguiled  
Now clouds his furrow'd face with matchless woe.  
There the fond partner views his dying bride,  
Arrived too late his dearer half to save;  
Around him sorrow swells a boundless tide;  
In vain he calls her spirit from the grave.  
Here lisping babes bewail their kindest friend;  
No mother's cares their infant wants relieve;  
No guardians now their innocence defend;  
Alone they wander through the world and grieve.  
Such thoughts as these might break a heart of steel:  
Parental tenderness and filial love  
Might soften ice, cause adamant to feel,  
And almost draw a saint from realms above.  
What but the cares, the never ceasing cares,  
Consigned to every character below,  
Which magnanimity unruffled bears,  
Can nerve the arm to deal the fatal blow?  
So shrinks the dastard from the glorious field,  
In fearful haste to shun the shock of fight;  
Content at once his country's cause to yield  
And hide himself in shame's eternal night.  
Look forward, murderer, where your phrenzy ends:  
What peals of wrathful thunders round you roll!  
See what a storm of midnight-gloom impends,  
Anon to burst and overwhelm your guilty soul!  
Forbear to execute the rash intent,  
Let reason fright you from this horrid fate,  
Lest, sunk below salvation you repent,  
And curse your execrable act too late.

## COUNTRY RETIREMENT.

**F**AR from the busy town, in rural scenes,  
Where nature rules in all her simple sweets,  
Let me, retir'd, enjoy the peaceful hour,  
Where no ambition spreads the golden dream  
In vain fantastic joys; illusion all!  
Whilst Spring, renewing, glads the happy day;  
And frozen winter past, the milder gales  
Now smooth the vernal sky: in such retreats,  
Where labored art is absent, where alone  
Wife nature acts, I'd only wish to stray:  
And whilst I see the swelling leaves around  
Just bursting into day, and v'lets blow  
Along the turf, with contemplative eye  
I'd soar to Heav'n, and with elated soul,  
Confess the power that acts on all below.

Come too, Eliza, leave the crowded scene,  
The haunts of folly; see what sweets are here!  
Where kings forget their taste, and pride's no more!  
Where all the shew of vanity is lost,  
And virtue only is true happiness!

Come, hand in hand, we'll rove the peaceful plain,  
Where sportive flocks, in innocence and play,  
Spend the blest'd hour; where birds, in warbling love,  
Chaunt from the bough; or, on the quivering wing,  
Aloft the sky-lark hymns the God of day.  
In yonder grot, where mantling ivies weave  
Around the craggy roof, a cool retreat,  
We'll rest at noon, and talk of love divine.  
Or when the ev'ning sun shall tinge the west  
We'll seek, where o'er the pebbly channel glides  
The murmur'ing rill, whilst o'er the surface plays  
The dancing zephyr, in whose crystal streams  
Reflected ev'ry flow'r that paints the shore.

Let us from nature learn the tasks of life,  
The means of pleasure, and the paths of peace;  
From ev'ry object deep instruction giv'n,  
And all creation's but one law to man.  
Eliza, know from whence that beauty fades;  
The glory of an hour!—a painted flow'r  
That opens in the morn and dies at noon!  
Yon blossom boasts not all the vary'd hue,  
The tulip's pride, but when a riper age  
Shall shed its humble leaves, rich fruit ensues,  
And graces autumn with more real sweets.  
How blest'd are they who, hence admonish'd,  
Learn,

The face should but express the mind within?  
Rich fruit for age, where charms, that never die,  
Increase with years, and strengthen still our love.

Through all the wide extended scenes of life,  
One universal cause supremely acts;  
To man, or being most minute, the same;  
The sun diffusing gladness o'er the world,  
Impartial darts his genial rays on all,  
Nor are they giv'n a blessing but to man;  
The branch full budding, and the blossom'd bough

That promise summer shades, or autumn fruits,  
Spread for a gen'ral benefit.—What's pride?  
Folly's first-born;—Humility's our part,  
For from it gratitude proceeds and love.

Let us no more seek pleasure from the great,  
Ambition, envy, but debase the man;  
The noble soul desires its native heav'n;  
True objects here delight to soar above,  
And with a philosophic eye attempts

To trace the secret hand that rules the whole  
Let us as life's short momentary scenes  
Afford no more than dark uncertainty,  
Enjoy the present hour; with faithful love  
Youth's gayer moments let us pass, when age  
With graver dictates plans the wiser day.  
In virtue blest'd, a conscience too unstain'd,  
With mutual offices we'll gently guide  
Along the stream of life; when death shall call  
Without the perturbations due to sin,  
We'll yield to heav'n resign'd, the soul divine  
And meet forever in a state of peace.

## ON VIRTUE.

**U**PON my mind this truth shall be impress'd  
That *Virtue only*, can be truly blest'd;  
For power may glare in all the pomp of state,  
But *Virtue only*, can be truly great;  
Tho' vanity may bask in flat'ry's rays—  
'Tis *Virtue only*, meets with honest praise:  
*Virtue* we see thus reigns with power supreme,  
'Tis *Virtue only* that esteem can claim.

## TRANSPOSSED LETTERS FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF THE LADIES.

*nO etb SfuLidIenO fo hEt dRoLew.*

HA! eNth LahLf oNy USgoLiRo nKg  
fo aYd.  
EfAec oT LoLr nO Ni iHs ndraLui Awy;  
HeT iVries onOm hEt eEuqN Fo yoOlmG  
tgHni,  
On rMeo No Su LaHls tAs teDecLfer tgHli;  
DnA nHto, irAf hrTae, uRo vtelaN efAt  
wbeoL,  
LtAhS nO eTh avSew fo tSaV teUrIoNtied  
wFoL;  
NoY lgDoeN rStfA MrOf rHeIt tSaV BrOS  
lhAsL iAfL,  
DnA iVnUrShE RiNu eEvL Lal:  
Ety enTh tEh LiOu, lp'DfAe hWit rStiEecNe  
RSeu,  
LhLfa eFcA teUrIoNtSeD nDa yDfE Tl  
wpRo'.

*Epitaph on Mr. Thomas Hammond, Parish Clerk of Ashford, in Kent, who was a good man, and an excellent back-gammon player; and was succeeded in office by a Mr. Trice.*

By the change of the dye,  
On his back here doth lie  
Our most audible clerk Mr. Hammond;  
Tho' he bore many men  
'Till threescore and ten,  
Yet, at length, he by death is back-gammon'd;  
But hark! neighbours, hark!  
Here again comes the clerk:  
By a hit very lucky and nice,  
With death we're now even;  
He just slept up to heaven,  
And is with us again in a *Trice*.

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By JOHN H. WILLIAMS,  
FOR THE PROPRIETORS.